

INTRODUCING THE  
**NISSAN ROGUE**  
A Whole New Crossover From Nissan



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# HEROES

## CHAPTER 53

# The Crossroads

The mysterious Haitian, stricken with a mysterious virus, has returned to his native soil to die. Dr. Mohinder Suresh arrived in Port-au-Prince to cure him. The Haitian then vanished, with Suresh apparently his latest victim. But not all was as it seemed...





**P**ORT-AU-PRINCE,  
HAITI

"...THEN THE CONTACT WILL GET YOU TO COSTA VERDE, CALIFORNIA. BENNET SAYS YOU KNOW HOW TO FIND HIM FROM THERE."



MEANWHILE, THE COMPANY WILL FIND ME HERE, "STUNNED AND BEWILDERED." DISAPPOINTED, SURELY, BUT NONE THE WISER...

I'M SORRY... DON'T YOU NEED TO WRITE ANY OF THIS DOWN?



MEMORY IS NOT AN ISSUE FOR ME.

DO NOT WORRY, DR. SURESH. THE PLAN IS SOUND. I WILL GET TO BENNET...

...IF GOD TRULY BELIEVES I DESERVE TO.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GOD, BUT MY FATHER USED TO SAY THAT ALL MEN DESERVED A SECOND CHANCE...GOOD MEN DESERVED THREE.

WHATEVER YOU DID WITH THE COMPANY... THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE IT RIGHT, BY HELPING US TAKE THEM DOWN.



CONSIDER YOURSELF BLESSED TO HAVE HAD...SUCH A COMPASSIONATE FATHER.

I WILL JOIN YOUR CRUSADE, SURESH... BUT FIRST...





"...THERE IS  
SOMETHING I  
MUST DO."

THE CROSSROADS. I HAVE  
NOT BEEN HERE SINCE THE  
DAY MY FATHER THREW  
HIMSELF FROM ITS PEAK...

NOTHING HAS CHANGED.  
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.

*The*

# CROSSROADS

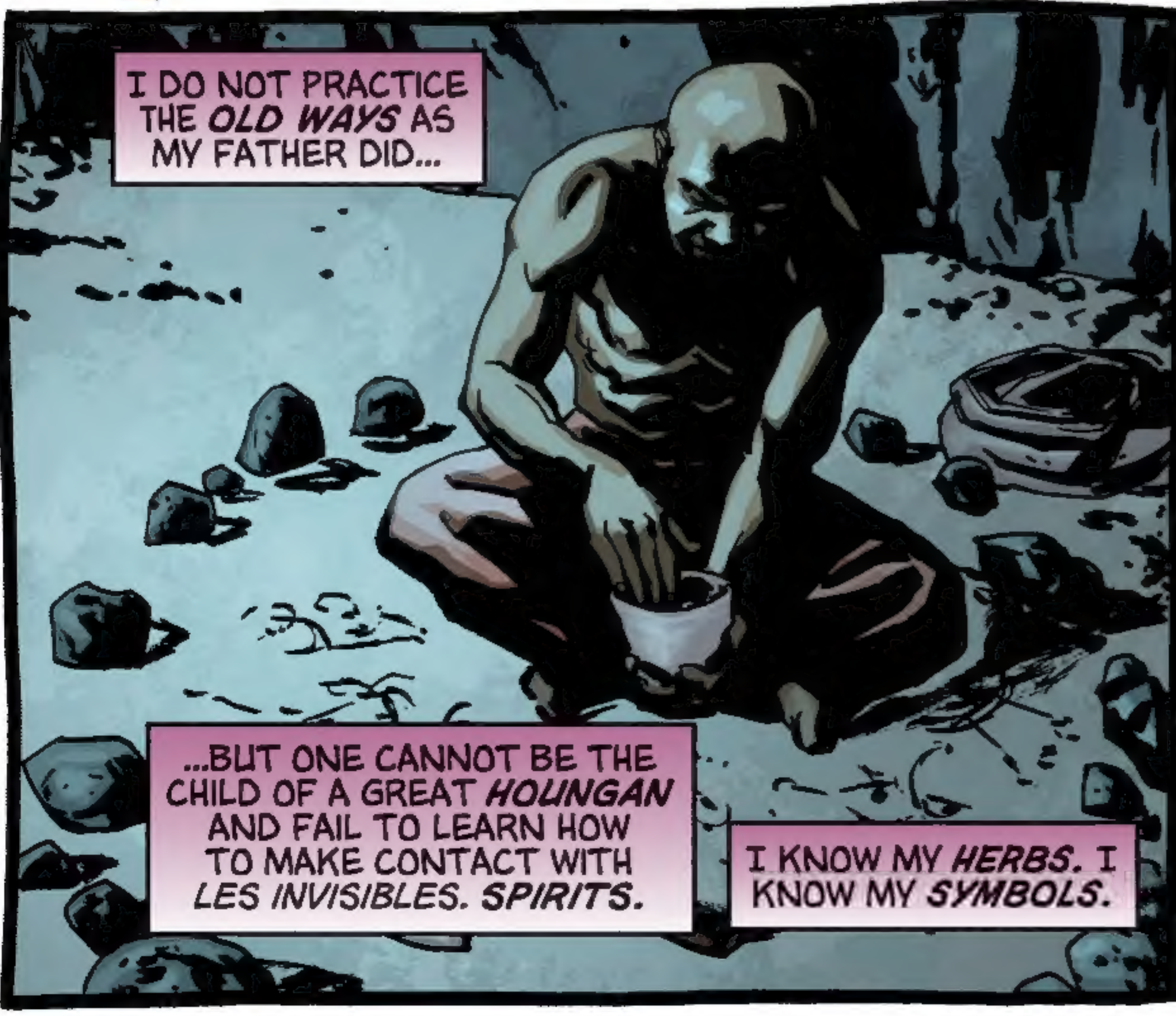
JOE KELLY OF  
MAN OF ACTION STUDIOS

MICHAEL  
GAYDOS

*Story*

*Art*

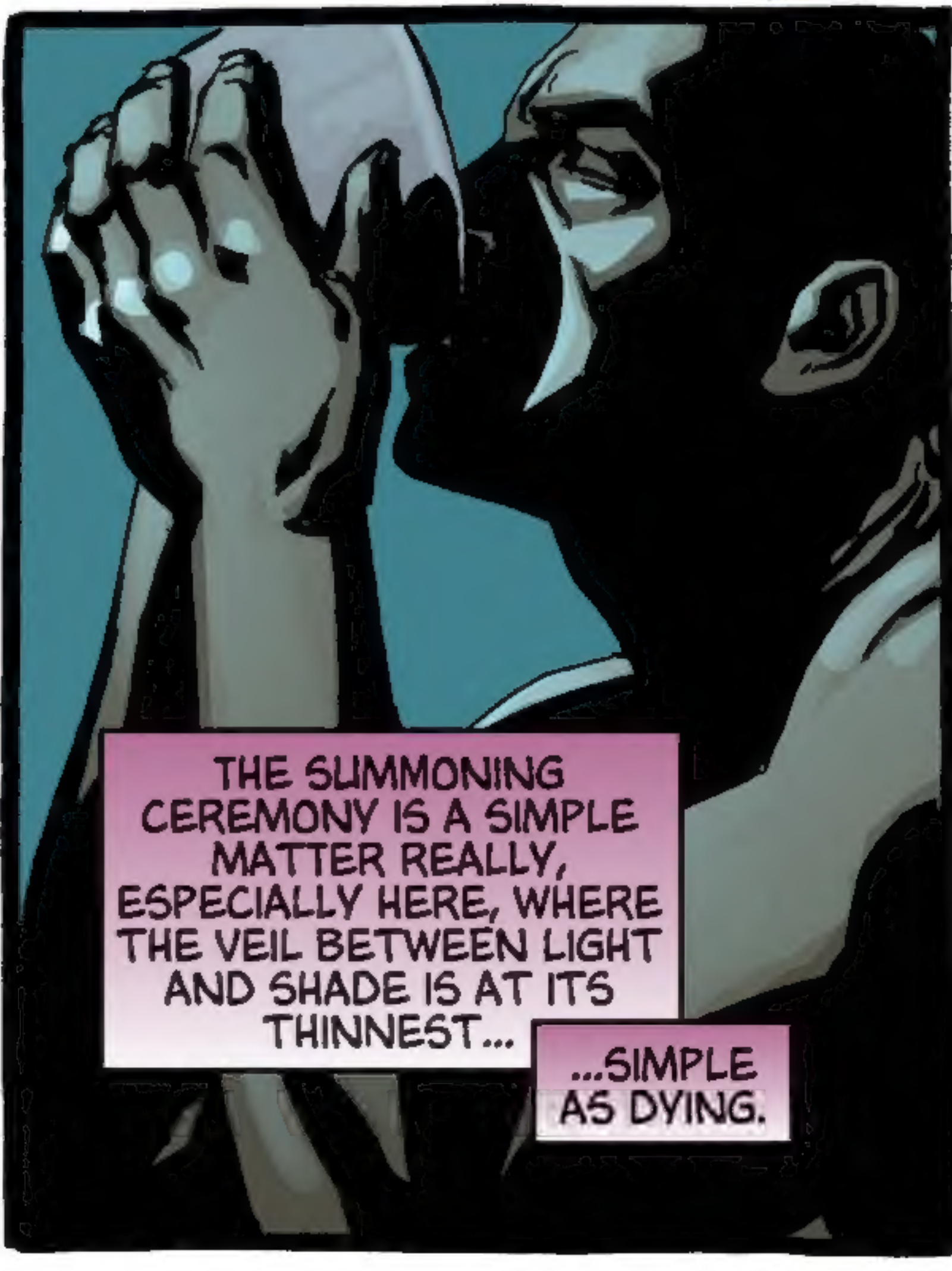
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR *Colors* COMICRAFT *Lettering* Nanci QUESADA *Editor*



I DO NOT PRACTICE  
THE *OLD WAYS* AS  
MY FATHER DID...

...BUT ONE CANNOT BE THE  
CHILD OF A GREAT *HOUNGAN*  
AND FAIL TO LEARN HOW  
TO MAKE CONTACT WITH  
*LES INVISIBLES. SPIRITS.*

I KNOW MY *HERBS*. I  
KNOW MY *SYMBOLS*.



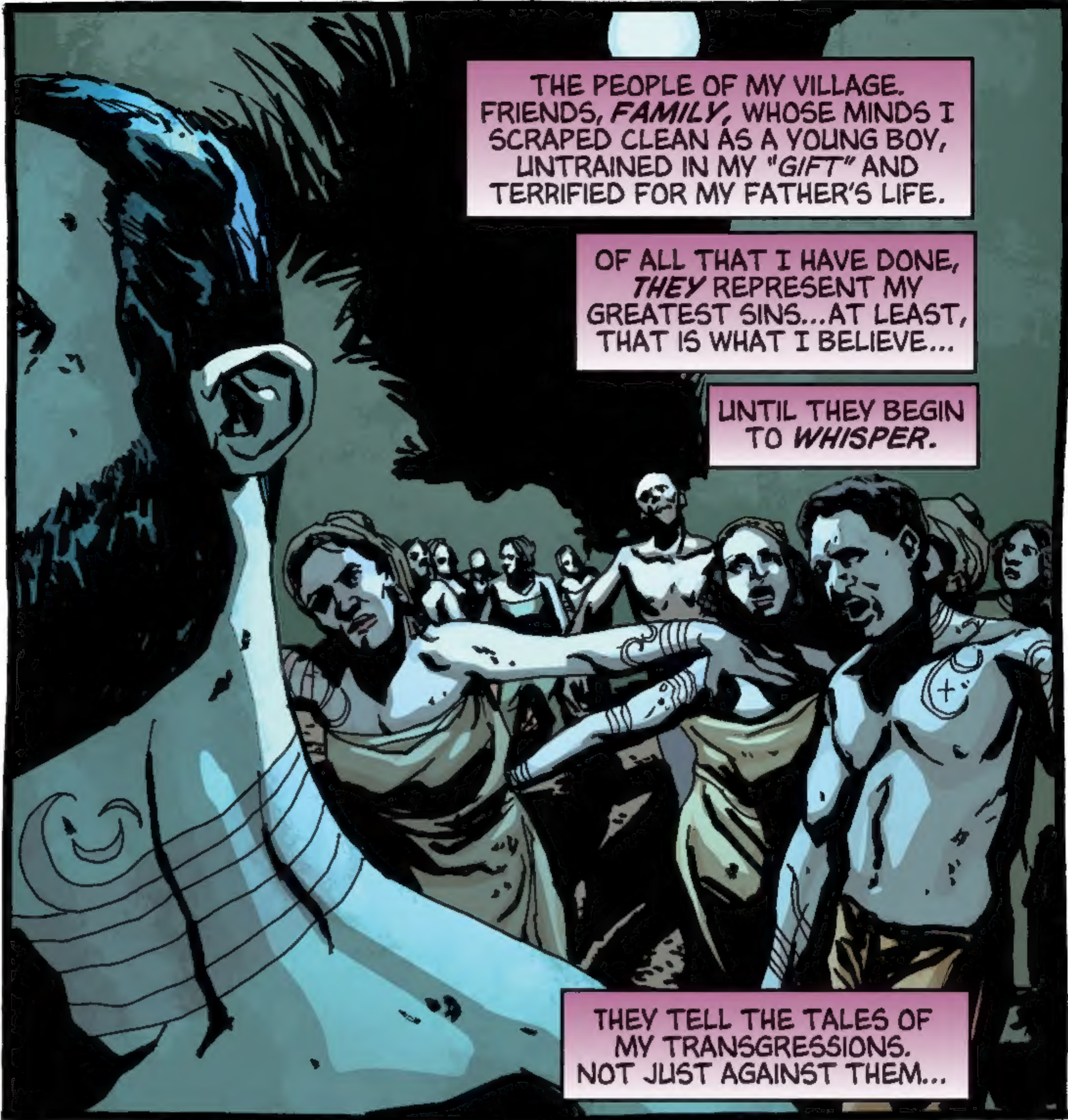
THE SUMMONING  
CEREMONY IS A SIMPLE  
MATTER REALLY,  
ESPECIALLY HERE, WHERE  
THE VEIL BETWEEN LIGHT  
AND SHADE IS AT ITS  
THINNEST...

...SIMPLE  
AS DYING.





I KNEW *THEY* WOULD  
APPEAR TO ME  
FIRST...BUT I DID  
NOT ANTICIPATE HOW  
MUCH IT WOULD *HURT*.



THE PEOPLE OF MY VILLAGE,  
FRIENDS, *FAMILY*, WHOSE MINDS I  
SCRAPED CLEAN AS A YOUNG BOY,  
UNTRAINED IN MY "*GIFT*" AND  
TERRIFIED FOR MY FATHER'S LIFE.

OF ALL THAT I HAVE DONE,  
*THEY* REPRESENT MY  
GREATEST SINS...AT LEAST,  
THAT IS WHAT I BELIEVE...

UNTIL THEY BEGIN  
TO *WHISPER*.

THEY TELL THE TALES OF  
MY TRANSGRESSIONS.  
NOT JUST AGAINST THEM...



...BUT AGAINST EVERY PERSON  
I'VE EVER "*BAGGED AND  
TAGGED*" IN THE NAME OF  
"*THE COMPANY*." *EVERY ONE*.

IT TAKES HALF THE NIGHT.



I WANT TO BEG FOR  
*FORGIVENESS*, BUT  
I MUST NOT.

PENITENCE IS *WEAKNESS*  
ACCORDING TO THE *OLD WAYS*.  
TO SURVIVE, I MUST *ACCEPT*  
WHAT THE SPIRITS GIVE ME AND  
*ENDURE* WHO I HAVE BEEN...



...IF I AM  
EVER TO  
*BECOME*  
SOMETHING  
ELSE.





SOMETHING ELSE?!

AS GROWS THE VINE SO GROWS THE FRUIT! YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S SON! HE WHO WAS FAVORED BY THE LOA WITH POWER BUT SOUGHT ONLY SELFISH GAINS!

YOU ARE WEAK! YOU ARE BROKEN! YOU WILL DIE HERE AS HE DID BEFORE YOU!

WHY DID YOU COME HERE? FORGIVENESS?!

I CAME FOR A BLESSING.

FROM YOU. FROM THE LOA. FROM THOSE WRETCHED WHO HAVE *FALLEN* BECAUSE OF MY ARROGANCE AND BLINDNESS...

BECAUSE I WANT MY LIFE TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING *GOOD* BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.



I CAME HERE, BECAUSE...



